

CREEPLY
#138



WARREN
MAGAZINE

JUNE 1982

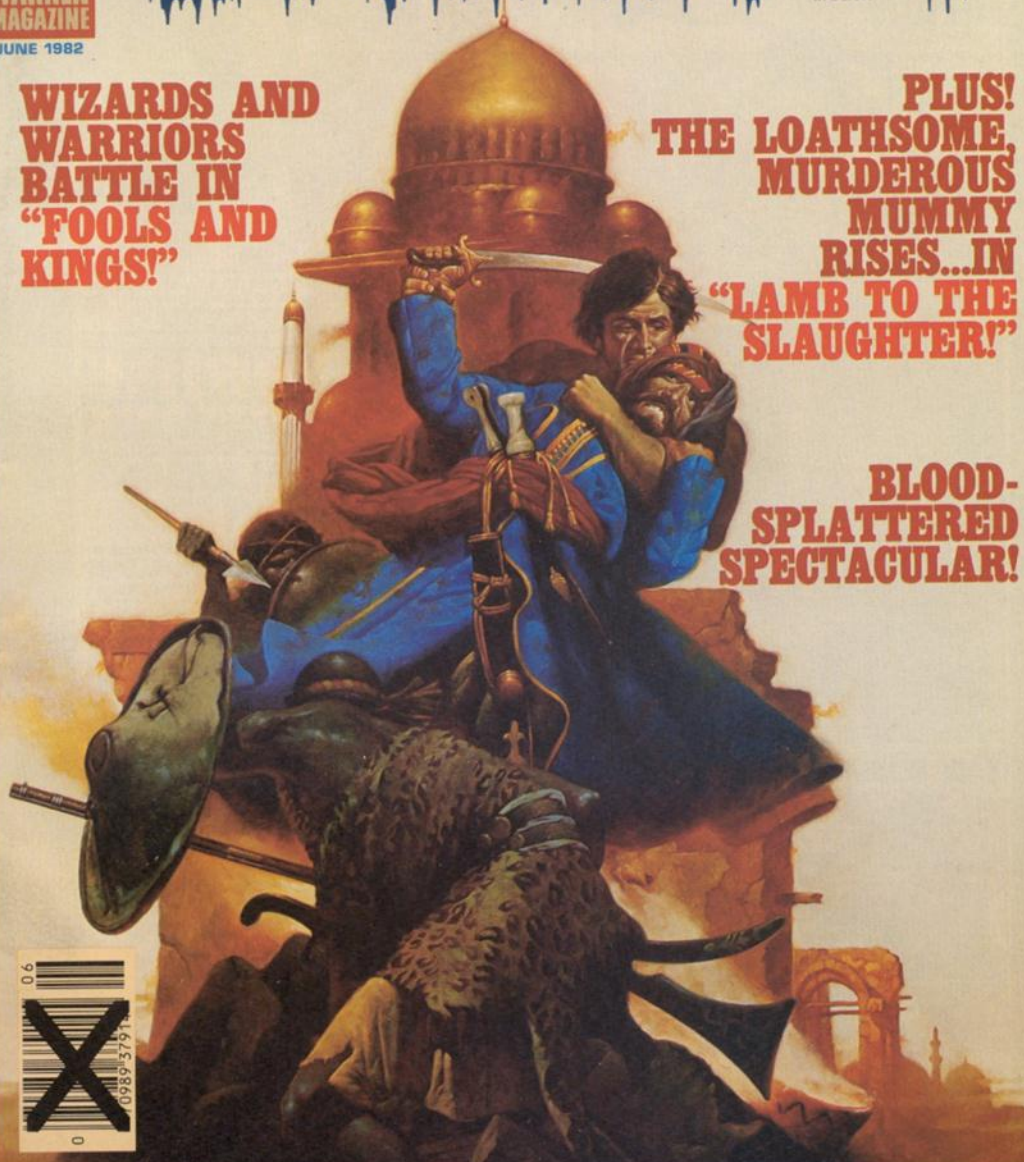
CREEPLY

88-00
WFO 37914

**WIZARDS AND
WARRIORS
BATTLE IN
"FOOLS AND
KINGS!"**

**PLUS!
THE LOATHSOME,
MURDEROUS
MUMMY
RISES...IN
"LAMB TO THE
SLAUGHTER!"**

**BLOOD-
SPLATTERED
SPECTACULAR!**





GREETINGS,
CREEPY READERS!
WITH THIS ISSUE,
I AM CONFIDENT
THAT I CAN WORM
MY WAY INTO YOUR
HEART!

THIS CREEPY IS
CRAWLING WITH PSYCHOPATHS,
TELEPATHS, GHASTLY DEEDS AND
GHOST SHIPS! IT'S GOT MURDERERS,
MUMMIES, WOLVES, WIZARDS,
DERELICTS AND DRAGONS
IN SPACE!

TAKE THE
BAIT, READERS!
THIS ISSUE IS
A GIANT!

SIX MONTHS AGO, WHEN CAROLINE LAMB FIRST STOOD BEFORE THE MUMMY OF PRINCESS CHESME-ANANKA, SHE HAD A FIT OF NERVOUS HYSTERIA, AND HAD TO BE CARRIED SCREAMING FROM THE MUSEUM!

NOW, AFTER SIX MONTHS IN A PRIVATE CLINIC, CAROLINE LAMB, THE DAUGHTER OF NOTED EGYPTOLOGIST PROFESSOR LAURENCE LAMB, HAS RETURNED...TO FACE WHAT SHE COULD NOT FACE BEFORE!

I HAD TO SEE THE MUMMY FIRST! AFTER LEARNING THE REASON FOR MY HYSTERIA, I HAD TO SEE IF I'D OVERCOME IT!

SO... THEY KNOW WHAT CAUSED YOUR HYSTERICS!



AFTER SIX MONTHS IN AN INSTITUTION, CAROLINE IS HAPPY TO BE WALKING FREELY ALONG THE RIVER BRIDGE, EVEN IF IT IS FOG-BOUND, SILENT, AND LADENED WITH THE PROMISE OF SUDDEN DOOM!

LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER



CAROLINE!
YOU'RE BACK!

HELLO, PORTIA!
YES...THE DOCTORS
RELEASED ME! I CAME
HERE IMMEDIATELY...
I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN
FATHER YET!

YES...IF YOU
FILLED OUT THE FACE
AND BODY OF THE MUMMY
AS IT WAS IN LIFE...IT
WOULD BEAR AN UNCANNY
RESEMBLANCE TO ME!

IS IT A
COINCIDENCE?
I WONDER!

I SAW THAT
UNCONSCIOUSLY...AND
COULDN'T FACE IT! SILLY
REALLY...IT'S MERELY
A COINCIDENCE!



GOTTA LITTLE MONEY
FOR SOME FOOD?

"GAK!"
LADY...
PLEASE!
I-I

N-NO,
LADY...
...AW
GOD!

MY GOD! WHAT CAME
OVER ME? I...I JUST
KILLED A MAN!

AAAACHGH!

AS THE HARMLESS DERELICT **PLUMMETS** INTO THE RIVER FAR
BELOW...CAROLINE **BLINKS** AS IF BEING STARTLED AWAKE! AS THE MAN
THRASHES IN THE NIGHT-BLACKENED WATERS AND **DISAPPEARS**...THE
PALPABLE CHAINS OF A **DREAMSTATE** MELT AWAY!



IS
SOMETHING
WRONG, MA'AM?
HAVE YOU BEEN
ATTACKED?

FATHER, I'M
SO SORRY!

I KNOW HOW
YOU FEEL! BUT
SYLVIA IS DEAD...
NOTHING CAN BRING
HER BACK!

WAIT!
COME BACK!
I MEAN YOU
NO HARM!

CAROLINE
DARLING! HOME
AT LAST!

TH-THE
POLICE!
THEY'VE FOUND
ME OUT
ALREADY!

SYLVIA?
THE GIRL
YOU
WROTE ME
ABOUT?

YES, MA'AM!
EARLIER TONIGHT,
SOMEONE WITH INHUMAN
STRENGTH **BUSTED** INTO
HER APARTMENT.
STRANGLER HER, **BROKE**
HER NECK, AND **THREW**
HER FROM A THIRD
FLOOR WINDOW!

I'LL
HELP IN
ANY WAY I
CAN TO
CATCH THE
KILLER!

THIS VIVID
DESCRIPTION
OF THE DEATH
OF HER
FATHER'S
CLOSE FRIEND
SENDS **CHILLS**
THROUGH
CAROLINE!
THERE WAS **NO**
NEED FOR THE
POLICEMAN TO
BE SO **GRAPHIC!**

SOMEONE
FROM THE
YARD WILL
CONTACT
YOU!

MEANWHILE, PORTIA WRITHES UNDER
THE COLD PUNISHMENT OF A DREAM
THAT IS ALL TOO REAL! IT IS THE
BURDEN SHE MUST BEAR FOR
POSSESSING A MEDALLION WHICH,
ACCORDING TO LEGEND, BELONGED
TO AN EGYPTIAN SORCERER...A
MEDALLION THAT ALLOWS HER MIND
TO ENTER THE BODY OF THE MUMMY!



YOU'LL
HAVE MY COMPLETE
COOPERATION,
INSPECTOR!

YOU
BELIEVE
THAT SYLVIA'S
DEATH WAS NO
MORE THAN AN
ACCIDENT?

THAT IS CORRECT
...BUT WE BELIEVE
THAT THE *NEXT* ATTEMPT
WILL BE ON YOU! THAT
IS WHY, WITH YOUR
PERMISSION, I WILL BE
STANDING GUARD OVER
YOU FOR A WHILE!

PORTIA
...I MUST
SPEAK WITH
YOU...*PRIVATELY!*

GOODNESS,
CAROL! YOU LOOK
TERRIBLE!

GOOD!
WE'LL GO ON
A *PUB CRAWL*
TONIGHT, EH,
AND TRY TO
ATTRACT THEIR
FIRE, SO TO
SPEAK!

PORTIA, MAKE
A RESERVATION FOR
TWO AT THE *DRONES*
CLUB FOR TONIGHT,
WILL YOU?

CAROLINE,
MY DEAR! YOU *KNOW*
THE *INSPECTOR*,
I BELIEVE?

SEE...HE DIDN'T
EVEN NOTICE HOW *TIRED*, HOW
PALE I AM! HE *MEANS* WELL...
BUT HE CONCENTRATES ON HIS
WORK AND HIS WOMEN!

YOUR FATHER'S GOING TO
A LECTURE...WE'LL BE UNDIS-
TURBED IN HIS OFFICE!

HAVING FUN,
MY DEAR, GETTING
REACQUAINTED WITH
LONDON?

Y-YES...YES,
OF COURSE!



LAST NIGHT
I KILLED A MAN
...I THREW HIM OFF A
BRIDGE! THAT WAS HORRIBLE
ENOUGH...B-BUT LATER I
DREAMED THE MURDER AND,
IN THE DREAM, THE VICTIM
BECAME A WOMAN! THERE
WERE BANDAGES...! I-IT'S
THE MUMMY...! IT
OBSESSES ME!



LET ME TRY
SOMETHING! I DO
IT OFTEN TO RELIEVE
YOUR FATHER'S
HEADACHES!

ANYTHING!
TRY ANYTHING!

IT'S CALLED
HYPNOTISM! WITH
IT, I CAN PROBE
THE VERY DEPTHS
OF YOUR SOUL!



JUST RELAX
YOUR MUSCLES AND
FOLLOW THE SWINGING
POCKETWATCH!

CAROLINE FALLS INTO A **TRANCE**...AND PORTIA TAKES
HER FURTHER AND FURTHER **BACK IN TIME**!
SUDDENLY, CAROLINE REPLIES TO A QUESTION IN A
LANGUAGE WHICH PORTIA DOES NOT UNDERSTAND!

WHO ARE
YOU?

YOU EVEN
NEED TO ASK? I AM
THE PRINCESS CHESME-
ANANKA!

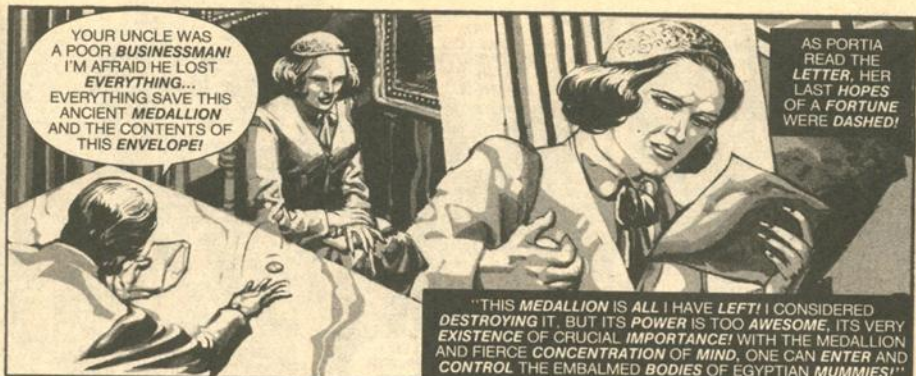
CAROLINE,
NO MATTER **WHERE...**
OR **WHO...** YOU ARE, YOU
MUST ALWAYS REPLY TO
ME IN **ENGLISH**!

AS
CAROLINE
RECLINES
PEACEFULLY,
PORTIA'S MIND
WANDERS BACK A FEW
YEARS TO A DAY IN THE OFFICE
OF THE FAMILY SOLICITOR!

IN VIEW OF YOUR
SISTER'S SUICIDE, YOU ARE
THE SOLE HEIR TO THE ESTATE
OF YOUR LATE UNCLE!

GREAT GOD!
CAROLINE IS THE
REINCARNATION OF THE
MUMMY IN THE DISPLAY
ROOM! NO WONDER SHE
HAS FELT DISTURBED
SINCE WE HAVE BEEN
SO ACTIVE IN OUR
...WORK!

AND
WHAT DOES
THE ESTATE
CONSIST
OF?





WHEN YOU AWAKEN FROM THIS TRANCE YOU WILL REMEMBER **NOTHING**...UNTIL **MIDNIGHT!** UNTIL THEN, YOU WILL FEEL AS THOUGH ALL YOUR **PROBLEMS** HAVE BEEN **SOLVED!** AT THE SNAP OF MY **FINGER** YOU WILL **AWAKEN!**

I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT WAS **BOTHERING** ME! THANK YOU **SO MUCH!**

WAIT! BEFORE YOU GO, HAVEN'T YOU **FORGOTTEN** SOMETHING?

YES...NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...DON'T YOU HAVE A **PACKAGE** TO GIVE ME?

CLICK!

MY GOD...IT **WORKS!** WHATEVER YOU DID WHILE I WAS IN THE TRANCE HAS **REJUVENATED** ME!

HOURS LATER, AS THE FOG-LACED NIGHT DESCENDS ON LONDON...!

I'M SORRY TO BE LEAVING YOU ALONE SO **SOON** AFTER YOUR **RE-TURN**...BUT THIS IS OFFICIAL **POLICE** BUSINESS, AND THEY **INSIST!**

YOU NEEDN'T **APOLOGIZE**, FATHER! **ANYTHING** THAT WILL BRING **MISS CHASE'S MURDERER** TO **HEEL** IS WORTH THE **SACRIFICE!**

WELL, INSPECTOR...ARE YOU READY TO **TEMPT** A MURDERER TO **SHOW** HIMSELF?

I **AM**, PROFESSOR! WE'LL BE TAKING A **TOUR** OF THE SEEDIEST, DARKEST, MOST **REMOTE** PORTIONS OF THE CITY!

FATHER TOLD ME THAT HE WOULD BE **WELL-PROTECTED** THIS EVENING...I **WHY** THEN DOES MY FEELING OF **DREAD** RETURN?



BUT THE EVENING PASSES
UNEVENTFULLY FOR PROFESSOR
LAMB AND THE INSPECTOR, AND SHORTLY
BEFORE MIDNIGHT...!

IS IT THAT
LATE ALREADY?

NEARLY MIDNIGHT!
THE INSPECTOR WILL
STAY A WHILE TO BE SURE
THAT NO ASSASSINS ARE
LURKING ABOUT, EH,
INSPECTOR?

CAROLINE!
I'M
HOME!

QUITE
RIGHT!

AND AS THE MIDNIGHT
BELL CHIMES
PONDEROUSLY...



...PORTIA EVOKES
THE MEDALLION'S
CHARM!



THE
MUMMY OF
CHESME-
ANANKA
SHUFFLES
FROM ITS
COFFIN!



AS PORTIA SLUMPS
TO THE FLOOR IN
HER HYPNOTIC
TRANCE... THE
ANCIENT, BROODING
SHE-CREATURE
WITHDRAWS A
SWORD FROM ITS
JEWELLED SHEATH!

MEANWHILE...!

OH, FATHER!
I FORGOT...! I
BROUGHT THIS
PACKAGE!



CAROLINE ACTS WITH STUDIED PRECISION, THOUGH
SHE IS SUDDENLY DIZZY AND DISORIENTED! A MIST
SEEMS TO FALL OVER HER MIND...! SHE KNOWS SHE IS
INSIDE HER HOME, YET SHE SEES... FOG... AND TREES!

THE EXPRESSIONLESS CREATURE EMERGES FROM THE
MUSEUM INTO THE MIST-SHROUDED NIGHT! AT THE
INSISTENT URGING OF THE VOICE OF PORTIA, IT CASTS
ABOUT FOR A VICTIM!





THIS HAS TO BE CONNECTED TO THE MUMMY!

NO TIME TO SIT AROUND CRYING...I'VE GOT TO ACT!

CAROLINE... WAIT!

TAKE ME TO THE MUSEUM, WILL YOU?



YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!

MOVING AS IF IN A NIGHTMARE, WITH THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE MUMMY LIKE A FILM OVER HER MIND, CAROLINE ENTERS THE MUSEUM...



THE CASE... EMPTY! AND IS THAT PORTIA ON THE FLOOR OVER THERE?

...WHILE THE MUMMY SKULKS IN WAIT FOR TWO POLICEMEN!

BE ON YOUR TOES TONIGHT, MATE! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER AT THE LAMB RESIDENCE!

BLOODY HORRIBLE MURDER IT WAS TOO!

HEY...WHAT'S THAT?

YOU THERE... HALT! THIS IS THE POLICE!



I'LL GO AROUND THIS WAY, MATE. YOU HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE OTHER END!

THERE'LL BE A PROMOTION IN THIS FOR ANYONE WHO CATCHES THE KILLER!



THE MUMMY BEHEADS THE POLICEMAN WITH ONE STROKE AND THEN SHUFFLES STIFFLY TO THE MUSEUM, WHERE A HORRID SIGHT ASSAULTS ITS EYES!

THWACK!

PORTIA...PORTIA...
I AM POSSESSED
BY DEMONS OF
HELL!

YET IT IS YOUR DOING...AND
YOUR UNDOING! YOURS! YOURS!

YOURS!

PORTIA'S CASUAL MURDER OF THE
POLICEMAN HAS FORCED CAROLINE TO KILL
AGAIN...IMPRISONING PORTIA'S MIND
FOREVER IN THE MUMMY'S BODY! HER MIND
SPINS OVER THE EDGE OF SANITY...AND SHE
ATTACKS!

WHAT THE DERANGED MIND OF
PORTIA FORGETS IS THAT THE
MURDEROUS DRIVES THAT TWIST
THE MUMMY'S MIND ARE SHARED
BY CAROLINE AT THE SAME TIME!

KANG!

AS IF THEY WERE TWO PARTS OF THE SAME BEING, NO
STRATEGY OR TACTIC CAN BE KEPT SECRET FROM THE
OTHER! EACH OFFENSIVE MOVE IS MET BY THE CORRECT
DEFENSIVE MOVE...

...UNTIL FATE INTERVENES!
CAROLINE'S BLADE IS BROKEN OFF IN
THE HEATED CLASH, AND SHE IS LEFT
DEFENSELESS!

BUT HER OWN
OUTRAGE OVER
HAVING HER
VERY SOUL
INVADED GIVES
CAROLINE
REDOUBLED
STRENGTH!

EVEN IF
I MUST DIE,
I SHALL DRAG
YOU DOWN TO
HELL WITH
ME!

NO! YOU
SHAN'T WIN
OVER ME, SHE
DEMON!

FOR HELL
HAS AWAITED
YOU FOR FOUR
THOUSAND
YEARS!

DIE!
DIE! DIE!
DIE!

WITH THE BODY OF THE
MUMMY DESTROYED, THE MIND
OF PORTIA PASSES ON, AND
THE SUPERNATURAL LINK
EVAPORATES!

WH-WHAT
HAPPENED
TO ME?
FATHER,
I KILLED
SO MANY
PEOPLE!

BUT
WE'LL
EXPLAIN!
THEY'LL
BELIEVE
...THEY
MUST!

GOD
HELP
US!

THE POLICE ARE
WAITING, CAROLINE! I'LL
STAND BY YOU! SOMETHING
TERRIBLE CAME OVER YOU
...SOMETHING STRANGE
AND INEXPLICABLE!

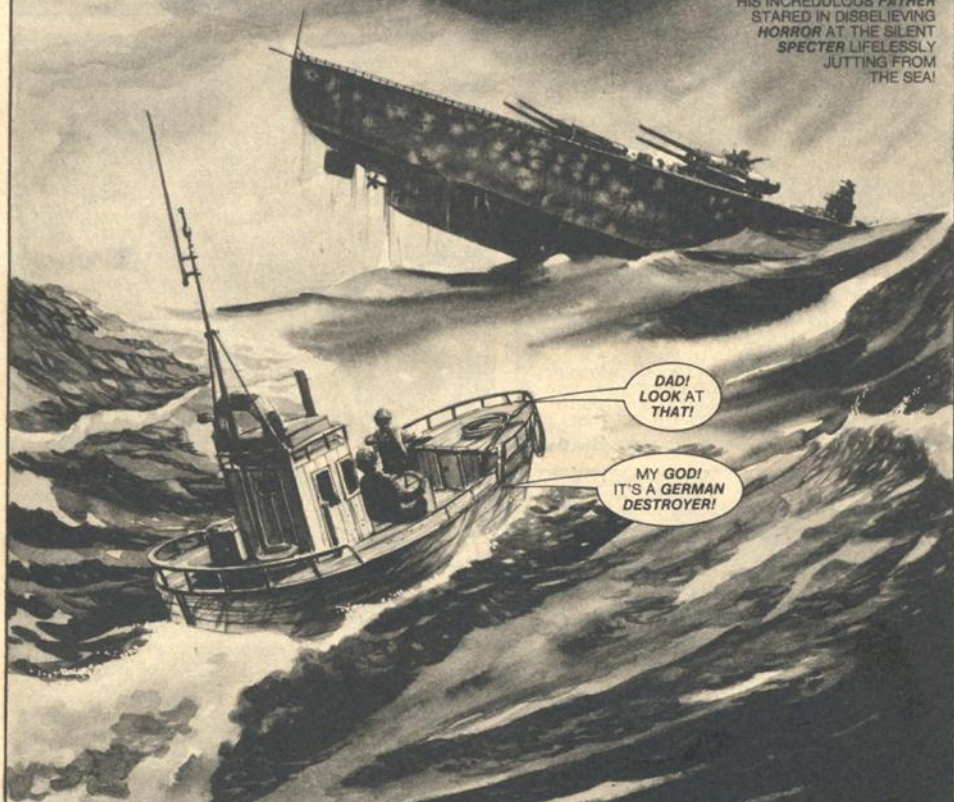
BUT WILL THEY BELIEVE?
CAN THEY?

end

THE SEA SWELLED
RESTLESSLY AS BLOATED
BLACK STORM CLOUDS
SMOTHERED THE
PEACEFUL SKY! THE
SMALL FISHING BOAT
CHUGGED THROUGH THE
GROWLING WAVES,
ANXIOUS TO MAKE PORT
BEFORE THE FURY OF
THE ELEMENTS SAVAGED
HER WOODEN HULL!

DERELICT!

ABOARD THE
TWO-MAN TRAWLER,
A WIDE-EYED BOY AND
HIS INCREDULOUS FATHER
STARED IN DISBELIEVING
HORROR AT THE SILENT
SPECTER LIFELESSLY
JUTTING FROM
THE SEA!



MORE THAN FORTY YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE THE NEARLY SUNKEN DERELICT HAD BEEN IN FULL OPERATION! DESPITE THE BREWING STORM, BOTH RAYMOND ALEXANDER AND HIS YOUNG SON, SAM, WERE EAGER TO FIND OUT HOW AND WHY THE VESSEL HAD REMAINED AFLOAT, DRIFTING THROUGH THE OPEN SEAS FOR CLOSE TO HALF A CENTURY!



SLOWLY, THE MAN AND THE BOY GROPED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS, UNTIL THEY CAME UPON A MAMMOTH, LITTER-STREWN COMPARTMENT!

LOOK, DAD!
THIS MUST'VE BEEN
THE GALLEY!

BUT
THERE'S NO
FOOD ANYWHERE!
HOW COULD
A RAT SURVIVE
WITHOUT
FOOD?

GOOD
QUESTION!
BUT THEY MUST
BE FINDING IT
SOMEWHERE!

DOWN ANOTHER
CORRIDOR, JUST PAST
THE GALLEY, THE TWO
ENTERED A LARGE
MUNITIONS ROOM.
GLITTERED WITH
RUSTING GERMAN
WEAPONRY!

WOW! LOOK!
AT ALL THOSE
GUNS...!

THIS IS
ODD! SO FAR
WE HAVEN'T SEEN
THE REMNANTS OF
EVEN ONE MAN!
SURELY, ON A
WRECK THIS SIZE,
THERE MUST
HAVE BEEN SOME
CASUALTIES!

I WONDER
WHAT COULD HAVE
HAPPENED TO ALL
THE BODIES?!

AS RAYMOND ALEXANDER
AND HIS SON PRESSED
DEEPER INTO THE BOWELS
OF THE VESSEL, NEITHER
SAW NOR SUSPECTED THE
OMINOUS ANIMAL EYES
THAT WATCHED THEM
FROM THE DEEPEST
SHADOWS!







LOOK, SAMMY! THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN!

MAYBE WE CAN LOCATE HIS LOG AND FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THIS OLD SHIP!



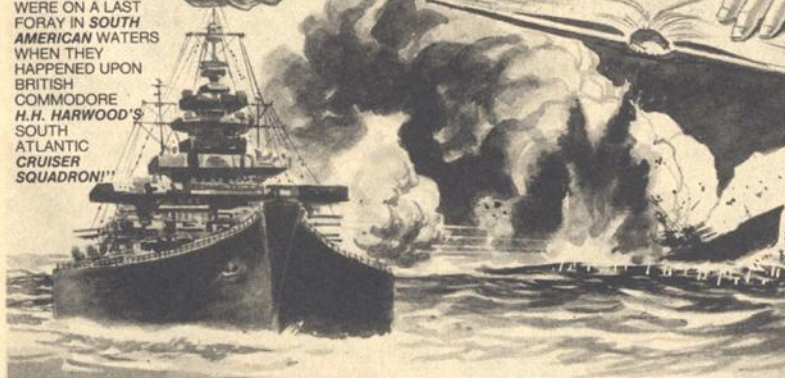
WOW! HIS SEXTANT! WHAT A SOUVENIR!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING EVEN BETTER...THE SHIP'S LOG!

GOOD GOD! THIS IS THE JOURNAL OF HANS LANGSDORFF...CAPTAIN OF THE INFAMOUS GERMAN BATTLESHIP...THE GRAF SPEE!

AND THIS... THIS MUST BE THE GRAF SPEE! BUT... BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! SHE WAS SCUTTLED BY HER OWN MEN OFF THE COAST OF URUGUAY IN 1939!

"IT SAYS HERE THAT LANGSDORFF AND HIS CREW WERE ON A LAST FORAY IN SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS WHEN THEY HAPPENED UPON BRITISH COMMODORE H.H. HARWOOD'S SOUTH ATLANTIC CRUISER SQUADRON!"



"...WE HAVE ENGAGED AND SUCCESSFULLY DESTROYED THE ENGLISH VESSEL EXETER, AND ARE ABOUT TO TURN OUR GUNS ON HARWOOD'S HOPELESSLY OUTMATCHED AJAX AND ACHILLES!" LANGSDORFF WRITES!"



"IN THE
CONFUSION
OF
BATTLE,
EXACT
DETAILS
ARE
OFTEN
UNCER-
TAIN..."



"...I SUSPECT,
HOWEVER, THAT A
SURVIVING BRITISH
SEAMAN SOMEHOW
MANAGED TO SLIP
ABOARD THE GRAF
SPEE UNDETECTED..."



"...A
SEAMAN
LIKE NO
OTHER IN
THE
BRITISH
NAVY!"



MEIN
GOTT!

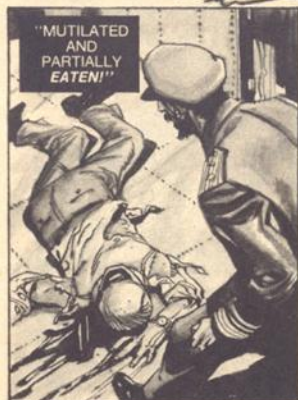


AIEEEEEEE!

"IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT WE
WERE UNDER ATTACK FROM A SOURCE
FAR MORE SINISTER THAN HARWOOD'S
DAMAGED FLEET, WHEN, IN THE MIDST
OF BATTLE, THE BODIES OF TWO OF
OUR MEN WERE DISCOVERED..."

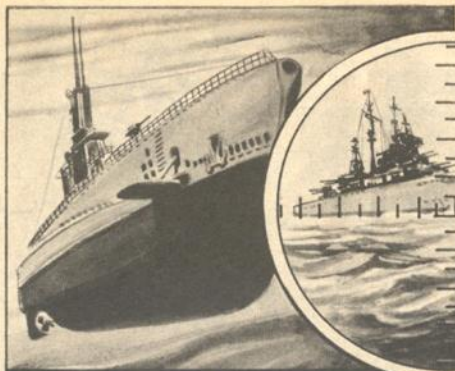
"BREAKING OFF THE
BATTLE WITH THE AJAX
AND ACHILLES, WE RAN
FOR THE NEUTRAL
WATERS OF URUGUAY,
AS I ORDERED A
THOROUGH SEARCH
FOR THE INTRUDER!"

"IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT THE CREATURE BOLDLY
MADE HIMSELF KNOWN! HE ATTACKED AGAIN,
BODILY LEAPING INTO ONE SEARCH PARTY AFTER
ANOTHER, GNASHING...TEARING...KILLING AND
CONSUMING MY MEN EVEN AS THOSE WHO HAD
BEEN INJURED AND MUTILATED BEYOND
RECOGNITION FLED FOR THEIR VERY LIVES!"



"MUTILATED
AND
PARTIALLY
EATEN!"





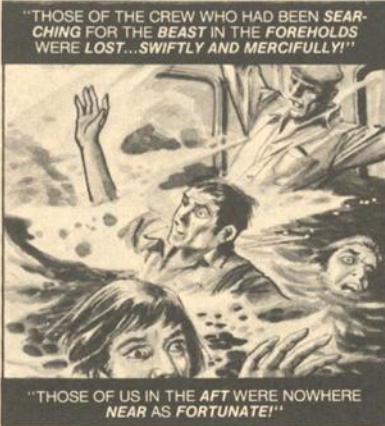
"YET, EVEN AS WE FOUND THE ENEMY WITHIN, ANOTHER LONE WOLF, EQUALLY DANGEROUS, WAS ABOUT TO BARE ITS FANGS WITHOUT!"



A WEREWOLF, YOU SAY? GOTT IN HIMMEL...SUCH A THING CAN NOT BE POSSIBLE!



"WITHOUT WARNING, THE SUBMARINE ATTACKED...ITS VERY FIRST TORPEDO RIPPING A GAPING HOLE IN THE BOW OF OUR SHIP!"



"THOSE OF THE CREW WHO HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE BEAST IN THE FOREHOLDS WERE LOST...SWIFTLY AND MERCIFULLY!"

"THOSE OF US IN THE AFT WERE NOWHERE NEAR AS FORTUNATE!"



SEAL OFF THE FORWARD HATCHES...QUICKLY!



"IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWED, WE HAD ALL BUT FORGOTTEN THE MONSTER IN OUR MIDST! INSTEAD, OUR EVERY DESPERATE THOUGHT WAS DIRECTED TO SAVING WHAT REMAINED OF OUR VESSEL!"



"BUT IT WAS HOPELESS! THE GRAF SPEE WAS GOING DOWN, AND THERE WAS NOTHING I OR ANYONE ELSE COULD DO ABOUT IT!"

"I KNEW THAT EVEN IF WE COULD SOMEHOW SAVE OURSELVES FROM THE HORRORS OF A WATERY GRAVE, A FAR GRAVER HORROR WAITED IN THE DARKNESS...!"



THAT'S WHERE THE LOG ENDS, DAD? BUT, THEN...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SURVIVORS?

I DON'T KNOW, SAMMY! MAYBE THEY WERE RESCUED BY ANOTHER GERMAN SHIP, OR—



OR MAYBE THE WEREWOLF GOT THEM!

FORGET THESE STORIES OF WERE-WOLVES, SON! THE CAPTAIN WAS BATTLE-FATIGUED...OR DRIVEN MAD BY THE LOSS OF HIS COMMAND!



IN ANY EVENT, WE KNOW NOW THAT THE GRAF SPEE WASN'T SCUTTLED BY HER CREW!

C'MON...LET'S GET BACK TO PORT! I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL EVERYONE WHAT WE'VE SEEN!



BUT THE SEAMAN AND HIS SON ARE DESTINED NEVER TO SEE PORT AGAIN, FOR JUST THEN...!

D-DAD! IT...IT'S THE WERE-WOLF!



WITH SAVAGE, RAVENOUS FEROCITY, THE MONSTER LUNGES...!

S-SAMMY! R-RUN! RUN!!

N-NO! OH GOD... NOOOOO!



MONSTROUS GUTTURAL GROWLS ECHO THROUGH THE DEAD SHIP'S SHADOW-DRAPE CORRIDORS!

AS THE BOY FLEES, HE ALMOST CHOKES ON THE BLOOD-NUMBING STENCH OF...DEATH!



YET, IS IT DEATH HE SMELLS...OR THE TERROR-LADEN NIGHTMARE THAT SPRINGS FROM THE GLOOM?

THE CREATURES...HALF-HUMAN, HALF-ANIMAL, LUNGE FOR HIM, AND SAMMY INSTANTLY KNOWS THAT HE IS GOING TO DIE!



YET, IN HIS FINAL MOMENTS OF LIFE, ALL THE TERRIFIED YOUTH CAN THINK OF, IS...

"...SO THIS IS WHAT BECAME OF THE CREW OF THE GRAF SPEE!"

FOOLS ^{A_ND} KINGS!

IN THE KINGDOM OF **LABRADOR**, IN THE NEONATAL YEARS OF EARTH, THERE LIVED A KING OF NOBLE HEART AND FEEBLE MIND CALLED **MALIFUS**. A BENEVOLENT LORD **LOVED** BY HIS SUBJECTS AND **ENVIED** BY HIS COURTIER!

SOME WENT SO FAR AS TO **COVET** THE THRONE AND PLOT ITS **USURPATION!**



THUS, IT CAME TO PASS THAT IN THE 27th YEAR OF HIS REIGN, HE WAS SEIZED BY **NIGHTMARES** SO **BLOODCURDLING** THAT EACH DAY BROUGHT HIM CLOSER TO THE BRINK OF **MADNESS!**





IN THE
HINDQUARTERS OF
THE **BLACK DOG
TAVERN**, ZORK THE
BARBARIAN POURED
WINE IN A STEADY
STREAM FROM
FLASK TO GULLET!
SINCE THE END OF
THE **WAR**,
MERCENARY
MISSIONS WERE
FEW! THE
INACTIVITY HAD, OF
LATE, MADE HIM
RESTLESS AND
IRRITABLE!

BUT THEN, THE **GIRL**
WALKED IN...!



'TIS SAID YOU
CARRY A **LONG SWORD**,
BARBARIAN! I SHOULD LIKE
TO SEE IT, SO I MAY JUDGE
FOR MYSELF!



BEFORE HE COULD UTTER A SULLEN
'GO AWAY', HIS EYES MET HERS AND
THEIR VISION **LOCKED!** WITHOUT A
WORD, HE STOOD UP AND TOOK HER
BY THE **HAND!**

COME
UPSTAIRS, AWAY
FROM THIS **RABBLE...** AND
I'LL SHOW YOU **DELIGHTS**
UNDREAMED
OF!



SUCH **GOOD FORTUNE** MADE ZORK
SUSPICIOUS, AND HE KEPT HIS SWORD BY
HIS BEDSIDE! A **WISE MOVE**, FOR...!



NAY, HELLSPAWN!
I'LL **SCATTER YOUR REMAINS** ACROSS
THE KINGDOM, AS I DID THE **SORCERER**
WHO COST ME AN **ARM!**



THE
RUG! IT HAS
BECOME A...A
DRAGON!



WHEN IT WAS OVER, THE ONLY SOUND IN THE TINY ROOM WAS ZORK'S LABORED BREATHING!

LAYLA?

AT FIRST HE THOUGHT SHE WAS HIDING, FRIGHTENED BY THE BEAST! BUT HE LOOKED EVERYWHERE...AND COULD NOT FIND HER!

SO THE MONSTER WAS ONLY A DECOY WHILE THE SORCERER KIDNAPPED LAYLA!

IF OTHERS FIND THAT I LET A MAGICIAN STEAL A LADY UNDER MY PROTECTION, MY REPUTATION WILL BE RUINED!

THOUGH I SWORE I'D NEVER AGAIN CHALLENGE A WIZARD, I HAVE LITTLE CHOICE NOW!

THE ROYAL INSIGNIA OF MALIFUS! ONLY ONE SORCERER IN THE KINGDOM IS ALLOWED TO POSSESS THIS...PRIMO, THE WIZARD ROYAL!

ZORK WONDERED IF THIS WAS PRIMO'S OWN UNDERTAKING...OR WAS HE ACTING ON ORDERS OF THE KING?

M'LORD, ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN! LAYLA HAS TRACED PRIMO TO A LAIR BY THE SEA...!

TO FIND THE TRUTH OF IT, ZORK SPURRED TOWARD THE CASTLE, WARY OF SIGNS OF A TRAP!

THEN THAT IS WHERE WE SHALL SEND ZORK!





WITH NO OTHER OBSTACLES BARRING HIS PATH, ZORK RODE FURIOUSLY TO THE CASTLE AND ENTERED, BATTLE READY!



THE "WIZARD" FIRED SEVERAL FINAL BOLTS, THEN WITHDREW INTO THE CASTLE'S INTERIOR, DRAGGING THE PROTESTING LAYLA BEHIND HIM!



WITHIN THE TOWER, LAYLA COWERED AS ZORK ENCOUNTERED THE REAL WIZARD, WHO STAGGERED DAZED AND HELPLESS BEFORE HIM...





MELISSA WAYNE
STUCK A
CIGARETTE
BETWEEN HER LIPS
AND FLICKED HER
SWISS LIGHTER A
FEW TIMES BEFORE
IT SPARKED! SHE'D
LEFT NEW YORK AN
HOUR AGO, AND
WAS MAKING GOOD
TIME OVER THE
WET, LONELY
ROADS!



AS SHE NEARED MORGANTOWN,
THE ROADS AND OCCASIONAL
HOUSES BEGAN TO LOOK
FAMILIAR! OLD FRIENDS AND
HIGH SCHOOL HAUNTS
FLOODED HER MEMORY, AND
NOT UNPLEASANTLY!



FOR THE UMPTENTH TIME, SHE WONDERED
IF **QUITTING THE SHOW** WAS THE RIGHT
THING! IT **SEEMED** SO THIS MORNING,
WHEN SHE'D DONE IT!

SHE'D PLAYED THE PART OF THE SELFISH VIXEN **JANET ROMAINE**
ON THE POPULAR SOAP OPERA "GATES OF EDEN" FOR SIX YEARS!
LAST WEEK, HER CHARACTER **MURDERED HER LOVER** IN COLD
BLOOD! IT SEEMED LIKE A NATURAL OPPORTUNITY TO **QUIT!**



HER AGENT HAD
AGREED! HE HAD
ADVISED HER TO GO
INTO **SEMI-**
RETIREMENT AND LET
THE MEMORY OF
JANET ROMAINE **FADE!**

AND **THAT** IS WHAT
BROUGHT **MELISSA**
WAYNE, SOAP OPERA
STAR, BACK TO
MORGANTOWN!



WRITING HER **OUT** OF THE SHOW
WOULD BE **EASY**! HER **GUILT**
WOULD BE ESTABLISHED, AND SHE
WOULD BE **SENTENCED** TO THE
GAS CHAMBER! **EXIT** JANET
ROMAINE! THAT FINAL SHOW
WOULD BE TAPED NEXT WEEK!



IN THE **MEANTIME**, SHE'D **RELAX**.
COLLECT HER **THOUGHTS**, AND
MAKE NEW PLANS HERE IN THE
SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN WHERE SHE
GREW UP!

SHE HADN'T HAD TIME
TO NOTIFY **ANYONE**
THAT SHE WAS
COMING...SO THE VISIT,
THE **FIRST** IN **THREE**
YEARS, WOULD BE A
SURPRISE!



LITTLE HAD
CHANGED...EXCEPT
HER!

THERE WERE **TWO** HOUSES ON **PERSIMMON**
LANE! THE **FIRST**, SHE ASSUMED,
BELONGED TO THE **NEW NEIGHBORS**,
THE **FARRELS**, HER MOTHER HAD
WRITTEN ABOUT! THE **SECOND** WAS
THE ONE SHE WAS **BORN** IN!
IT WAS **DARK** AND **QUIET**!

MELISSA WENT OVER AND
STABBED THE **DOORBELL**!

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

MELISSA!
AGGIE'S TOLD
ME **SO MUCH** ABOUT
YOU! THEY'RE UP
NORTH, **FISHING**! MY
HUSBAND, GEORGE, IS
WITH THEM! THEY WON'T
BE **BACK** UNTIL
TOMORROW NIGHT...BUT
YOU'RE WELCOME TO
STAY **HERE**! EDDIE
WILL BRING IN
YOUR **LUGGAGE**!

MOM!
DAD! I'M
HOME!
ANYBODY
HERE?

SILENCE AND **DARKNESS**!
MAYBE HER **DAD** HAD HAD
ANOTHER **HEART ATTACK**
AND HER MOTHER WAS
STAYING WITH HIM AT
THE **CLINIC**! THE
THOUGHT MADE HER
TREMBLE!

ACROSS THE **STREET**, SHE
COULD SEE THE TELLTALE
BLUE **FLICKER** OF A
TELEVISION IN THE
FARRELS' **LIVING ROOM**!

I'M BERT AND AGGIE'S
DAUGHTER...YOU KNOW...FROM
ACROSS THE **STREET**? DO YOU
KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?

THANKS
IT'S MY **FAULT**!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE
COME WITHOUT
CALLING!

AMELIA SHOWED MELISSA THE BATH AND GUEST ROOMS, AND PROMISED A FULL TOUR IN THE MORNING! MELISSA COLLAPSED ON THE BED AND FELL ASLEEP WITHOUT UNDRESSING!



SHE AWOKO TO THE SOUND OF THE TELEVISION...THE STACCATO WHISTLES, EXPLOSIONS AND RAZZLE DAZZLE MUSIC OF THE SATURDAY MORNING CARTOONS!

AROUND TEN, MRS. FARREL SERVED COFFEE AND JELLIED TOAST AND FUSSED OVER MELISSA, WHILE EDDIE SAT GLUED TO THE TELEVISION!

I DON'T MEAN TO PRY, BUT DON'T YOU THINK EDDIE WATCHES TOO MUCH TV? A BOY HIS AGE SHOULD BE MORE... ACTIVE!



I'M SORRY!
HE DOESN'T GO OUT MUCH! TV'S HIS ONLY CONTACT WITH THE WORLD OUTSIDE! I CAN'T VERY WELL DEPRIVE HIM OF IT!



MELISSA PUT ON A FRESH SWEATER AND JEANS AND DROVE OFF FOR BETH COOPER'S HOUSE! HER OLD FRIEND WOULD SIMPLY DIE WHEN SHE SURPRISED HER!



EDDIE IS NINETEEN... BUT HIS MIND IS MUCH YOUNGER! YOU SEE...HE'S RETARDED!



IN HIGH SCHOOL, BETH AND MELISSA HAD BEEN CO-CAPTAINS OF THE CHEERLEADING SQUAD! BUT THEY WERE LONG PAST THE DAYS WHEN THEY WOULD RECREATE THEIR OLD ROUTINES! TODAY THEY SIMPLY CHATTED AND GOSSIPED!

STILL, MELISSA KEPT WISHING THAT BETH WOULD STOP TREATING HER LIKE A 'CELEBRITY'!

BY DAY, ALL THE OLD SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SMELLS OF MORGANTOWN CAME TO NEW LIFE! MELISSA FELT YOUNG AGAIN!

HAPPY AND A LITTLE LIGHT-HEADED, MELISSA'S DRIVING WAS ON AUTO-PILOT! HER MIND WAS ON THIS TOWN, AND THE CHILD SHE ONCE WAS, NOT ON THE TWISTING, LONELY ROAD!



I KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND I SAW WHAT YOU DID!



MELISSA'S HEART LURCHED AND SHE STOMPED ON THE BRAKES!



EDDIE, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING BACK THERE? YOU DAMN NEAR SCARED THE SKIN OFF MY BONES!




I SAW YOU KILL THAT MAN...!




EDDIE,
THAT WASN'T
ME! THAT WAS
JANET ROMAINE,
THE CHARACTER
I PLAY!

YOU
ALWAYS
WERE A GOOD
LIAR! YOU HAD
EVERYBODY FOOLED,
EVEN MOM! BUT I
KNOW WHO YOU
ARE AND WHAT
YOU'LL
DO!




EDDIE, I'LL CONFESS!
I KILLED HIM! TURN ME OVER
TO SHERIFF WEGMANN!

NO! YOU'LL
WEASEL OUT OF
IT SOMEHOW! YOU
ALWAYS DO! THEN,
YOU'LL WANT
REVENGE AND HURT
POOR MAMA!




KICKING OPEN THE DOOR, MELISSA BOLTED FROM THE CAR!
HE INTENDED TO KILL HER...HIS EYES SAID SO!

WHEN IT CAME TO RUNNING, MELISSA HAD TWO
ADVANTAGES! EDDIE'S DAILY EXERCISE CONSISTED OF
WALKING FROM THE TV SET TO THE DINNER TABLE!
NOW WHEN SWIFT ACTION WAS CALLED FOR, HE
MOVED LIKE A MARIONETTE!




SECONDLY, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, MELISSA KNEW EVERY NOOK AND WILLLOW OF
THESE WOODS! AS A KID, SHE PLAYED HIDE AND SEEK HERE! EDDIE RARELY
VENTURED OUT OF THE HOUSE! FOR HIM, THIS WAS SURELY ALIEN TERRAIN!



THE OAK AT WOOD'S END! SHE
HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IT IN
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS! BACK THEN, IT
HAD SEEMED TO TOUCH THE
CLOUDS...BUT SHE'D CLIMBED IT
LIKE A MONKEY, UNAFRAID OF
FALLING!

SHE HAD TO REMEMBER WHERE
THE 'SAFE PLACES' WERE!



EVEN THOUGH MELISSA
WAS IN GOOD PHYSICAL
SHAPE...EVEN
ATHLETIC...THE CLIMB WAS
SLOW AND PAINFUL!

HALFWAY UP, SHE
MOUNTED A THICK
BRANCH, AND LISTENED
FOR EDDIE'S APPROACH!

AMELIA LOOKED AT HER WATCH ONCE AGAIN! SHE GOT HOME FROM THE SWAP MEET AN HOUR AGO...AND EDDIE WAS GONE! THE TV, LIKE A TOMBSTONE IN THE CORNER, CHILLED HER BY ITS SILENCE!



SHE CALLED BETH COOPER! MELISSA HAD LEFT SOME TIME AGO! AMELIA WAITED, PRAYED, AND CALMED HER TREMBLING WITH VODKA!

SHE CALLED THE HOSPITAL...NO, THEY HADN'T BEEN BROUGHT IN! SHE DIALED THE SHERIFF'S NUMBER BUT HUNG UP BEFORE THE FIRST RING! WEGMANN WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE EDDIE...HE MIGHT EVEN HURT HIM! IT WAS UP TO HER!



ONLY ONE ROAD WENT TO COOPER'S FARM! IF MELISSA HAD HAD AN ACCIDENT OR BREAKDOWN, SHE MIGHT STILL BE OUT THERE!

EDDIE DIDN'T LIKE WOODS! ON TV, FORESTS WERE FRIENDLY... BUT HERE THORNS PRICKED HIS FACE AND INSECTS DRANK HIS BLOOD! IT WAS REAL! HE FELT BETRAYED!



BUT NOW THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK! JANET KNEW HE WAS ONTO HER! SHE'D STOP AT NOTHING, MURDER INCLUDED, TO HIDE HER DEEDS! AS LONG AS JANET LIVED...HE AND HIS MOM WERE IN DANGER!

MELISSA KEPT PERFECTLY STILL FOR TWENTY MINUTES, WAITING FOR ANY SIGN OF EDDIE'S APPROACH! THERE WAS NONE! PERHAPS HE'D GIVEN UP AND GONE HOME...? SHE CONSIDERED CLIMBING DOWN!

THE ONLY WAY OUT WAS THE WAY SHE CAME IN! THICK FOLIAGE AND DEEP MARSHES MADE ALL OTHER ROUTES IMPENETRABLE!



BUT NO...THEY HADN'T NAMED THIS WOOD'S END FOR NOTHING! IN ANOTHER HUNDRED FEET SHE WOULD COME TO THE LAKE, BLACK AND MUDDY, WHERE WATER MOCCASINS SLITHERED LIKE MOONBEAMS OVER THE SURFACE!



SHE HEARD THE SNAP AND RUSTLE OF HIS APPROACH...AND THEN HE APPEARED...CLUTCHING THAT AWFUL KNIFE!

MELISSA'S CAR...AND THE KEYS ARE STILL IN IT! SHE MUST HAVE ABANDONED IT IN A HURRY TO FORGET THEM!



EITHER SHE'S GONE BACK DOWN THE HIGHWAY, TOWARDS COOPER FARM, OR INTO THE WOODS! I'D SAY THE WOODS... BUT WHY?

MELISSA BENT LOW AND HUGGED THE BRANCH! HER HEART WAS POUNDING SO LOUDLY, SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE DIDN'T HEAR IT! THEN, SOMETHING RUSTLED THROUGH THE BRUSH BEHIND HIM!

IT WAS PROBABLY ONLY A SQUIRREL... HOWEVER, IT WAS ENOUGH TO STEER EDDIE'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM HER DIRECTION, BACK FROM WHENCE HE CAME!



WHEN SHE WAS SURE HE WAS GONE, MELISSA SHIMMIED DOWN THE TREE! SHE KNEW THAT HE'D COME BACK LOOKING FOR HER ONCE THE BRUSH CREATURE WAS IDENTIFIED!



SHE KEPT LOW, CRAWLING, UNTIL SHE CAME TO A HUGE ELM TREE! YARDS OF IVY COILED AROUND THE TRUNK! WITH A SHARP ROCK, SHE CUT A NINE FOOT LENGTH OF VINE!

SHE THEN RETURNED TO THE PATH! IF EDDIE CAME BACK BEFORE SHE COMPLETED HER PLAN... BOTH SHE AND HER PLAN WOULD BE FINISHED!



HE FOLLOWED THE NOISE IN THE BRUSH ALMOST BACK TO THE ROAD BEFORE HE GOT A GLIMPSE OF ITS CAUSE! EDDIE HAD ALWAYS WONDERED IF CHIPMUNKS TALKED, LIKE "CHIP N' DALE," OR GIBBERED LIKE THE ONES IN "THE WILD KINGDOM!"



EITHER WAY, THEY POSED NO THREAT! BUT THEN ANOTHER SOUND REACHED HIS EARS...

SOMEONE WAS ON THE PATH! UNMISTAKABLY A HUMAN... MOVING HIS WAY! HIS FINGERS TENSED AROUND THE KNIFE HANDLE!



IT HAD TO BE JANET... THE MURDERER! IT HAD TO BE JANET... THE VICTIM!

HE WAITED FOR
PRECISELY THE
RIGHT MOMENT
THEN LEAPED,
GROWLING LIKE
AN ANIMAL, AND
PLUNGED THE
KNIFE INTO HER
AGAIN AND
AGAIN! SHE
SCREAMED AND
PLEADED, BUT HE
STABBED HER
UNTIL SHE WAS
STILL!



WAVES OF NAUSEA AND GRIEF
ASSAULTED HIM AS HE SAW
WHAT HE'D DONE!



TV PEOPLE DIDN'T SPILL BLOOD AND GUTS WHEN THEY
DIED! THEY FELL DOWN AND REAPPEARED NEXT WEEK
IN ANOTHER SERIES! THAT'S ALL HE'D INTENDED FOR
JANET...TO BANISH HER TO A DIFFERENT CHANNEL!



TELEVISION AND MAMA
HAD BEEN THE WHOLE OF
HIS WORLD!



EVERYWHERE
JANET GOES,
SHE HURTS AND
KILLS! NOW
SHE'S TAKEN
MAMA...!

SHE WAS UPON HIM BEFORE HE
EVEN KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED!
THE THORNY STEM LOOPED
AROUND HIS NECK LIKE A
GAROTTE! SHE DREW IT TIGHTER
AND THE MORE EDDIE STRUGGLED,
THE DEEPER THE BARBS SLICED!

TIMING WAS CRUCIAL! ONE SECOND TOO
SOON OR TOO LATE, AND SHE'D BLOW IT!
SHE HEARD HIM COMING...NO MORE
SLOW, METHODOICAL STEPS...HE WAS
RUNNING...CLOSER...FASTER...ALMOST...!



SHE GROPED FOR EDDIE'S KNIFE, BUT QUICKLY SAW THAT SHE WOULDN'T BE NEEDING IT! HIS FRANTIC STRAINING ONLY MADE IT EASIER FOR THE PRICKLY TEETH TO SEVER THE JUGULAR! BY THE TIME SHE COULD SUMMON HELP FOR HIM...HE WOULD BE LONG PAST DEAD!



SOBBING AND STUMBLING THROUGH THE WOODS AS IF IN THE MAD-WHITE MISTS OF A DREAM, SHE CAME UPON THE BODY OF AMELIA!



OH GOD! NO!

FOR THE PAST YEARS SHE'D BEEN A PART OF A FICTIONAL, PREFABRICATED DREAMWORLD, WHERE PEOPLE LIKE EDDIE 'LIVED'. SHE DIDN'T FEEL RESPONSIBLE, BUT SHE WAS DAMN GLAD SHE'D QUIT THE SHOW!

SHE NOTIFIED SHERIFF WEGMANN, ANSWERED HIS QUESTIONS, AND MADE OUT HER STATEMENT IN A DAZE! SHE WENT BACK TO THE HOUSE TO GATHER HER THINGS!



THE TV WAS ON...THE EVENING NEWS!

SOMETHING BETWEEN A GIGGLE AND A WHIMPER ESCAPED HER LIPS AS SHE SAW EDDIE BEING CARRIED OUT! HE'D ALWAYS LIVED IN THAT BOX! NOW IN DEATH IT WELCOMED HIM HOME!



HE WAS WHERE HE'D ALWAYS WANTED TO BE. ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS!

SHE TURNED IT OFF! THE BLUE LIGHT SHRANK TO A SMALL SPECK, THEN FADED ALTOGETHER! SHE STARTED FOR THE DOOR...




A VOICE, DULL AND MECHANICAL, BROKE THE SILENCE!

QUITTING WON'T HELP! YOU WON'T WIN! WE'RE TOO POWERFUL, TOO POPULAR! THEY FLOCK TO US AND HAND US THEIR WILLS ON A SILVER PLATTER!



SHE STARED, LONG AFTER THE SET HAD GONE SILENT! SHE COULDN'T BE SURE WHETHER THE WORDS ORIGINATED FROM THE BOX OF TRANSISTORS AND WIRES, OR HER OWN IMAGINATION! BUT THE OCTOBER NIGHT TURNED SUDDENLY COLDER! **end**



A GLIPIN PERCHED ON AN ASTEROID,
UNPROTECTED, IN DEEP SPACE?
IMPOSSIBLE, BUT THAT IS WHAT
THE CREW OF THE STARSHIP
FIDELITY FOUND ON THE THIRD
DAY OF THEIR INVESTIGATION!

THE FIDELITY HAD BEEN SENT TO
INVESTIGATE THE ION STORM THAT
HAD BEEN DISRUPTING
INTERPLANETARY COMMUNICATIONS
THROUGHOUT THE SYSTEM! IN DUE
COURSE THEY FOUND THAT THE
SOURCE OF THE STORM WAS THE
PLANET GLIPINIA!

THE CRY OF THE GLIPINS

BUT THAT WAS DOUBLY IMPOSSIBLE! THE
GLIPINS HAD ALL BEEN EXTERMINATED TO
MAKE ROOM FOR COLONY 9!

BUT NOT ONLY WAS THIS GLIPIN ALIVE...IT WAS SENDING A
MESSAGE TO THE FIDELITY THROUGH THE ION STORM WITH
HIGH-FREQUENCY CLICKS!

THE FIRST MAN TO RECEIVE THE TRANSLATED GLIPIN MISSIVE WAS THE COMMANDER OF THE FIDELITY ADMIRAL BULL SEDGEWICK-THWAITE!



BAH!
WON'T HEAR
OF IT! NEGOTIATE
WITH A GLIPIN?
UNHEARD OF,
MAN!

SIR, THE ION
STORM IS ITS WAY OF
GETTING OUR ATTENTION!
THE GLIPIN SAYS IT WILL
END THE ION BOMBARDMENT IF
WE WILL GIVE IT ONE OF OUR
MEN! A HEALTHY MALE,
TO BE PLACED ON
ITS ASTEROID!

"WE HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THE ADAPTABILITY OF THESE GLIPINS, ADMIRAL! FIRST OF ALL, THAT CREATURE IS ABLE *SOMEHOW* TO ERECT A PROTECTIVE SHELL AROUND ITSELF ON THE ASTEROID! SECONDLY, THOUGH WE SUPPOSEDLY EXTERMINATED THE ENTIRE RACE...THE STORM IS ORIGINATING FROM THE VERY SOIL OF THE PLANET! ANALYZED, THEY SEEM TO BE THE CRIES OF MILLIONS OF...DEAD GLIPINS!"



POPPYCOCK! DEAD GLIPINS!
DEMANDS FOR HOSTAGES! LET'S
BRING THAT BEAST ON BOARD!
YES! GIVE THE ORDER!

AND GET
RYKER! HE
KNOWS
GLIPINS!



MINUTES
LATER, THE
DESIGNATED
MEN WERE
SUITING UP!

THEY
SHOULD ALL
BE DEAD!
ALL OF 'EM!
DEAD!

BUT, RYK,
WHY MUST YOU
GO? IT MIGHT BE
DANGEROUS!



BECAUSE, BABY, I
COMMANDED THE FLEET THAT
EXTERMINATED GLIPINIA!
AND I GUESS I DIDN'T DO
THE JOB, BECAUSE THERE'S
STILL ONE ALIVE!

I'LL BRING THAT DAMN
THING DOWN...OR MY NAME
AIN'T JAKE RYKER!

SOME TIME LATER, UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF THE GLIPIN, THE PRESSURIZED HATCH WAS BLOWN AND THE MINERAL SCOOP WAS RIGGED ON THE UPPER HULL!



ALL SET!
THE TRAJECTORY
SHOULD BRING IT
SQUARE ON THE
ASTEROID!

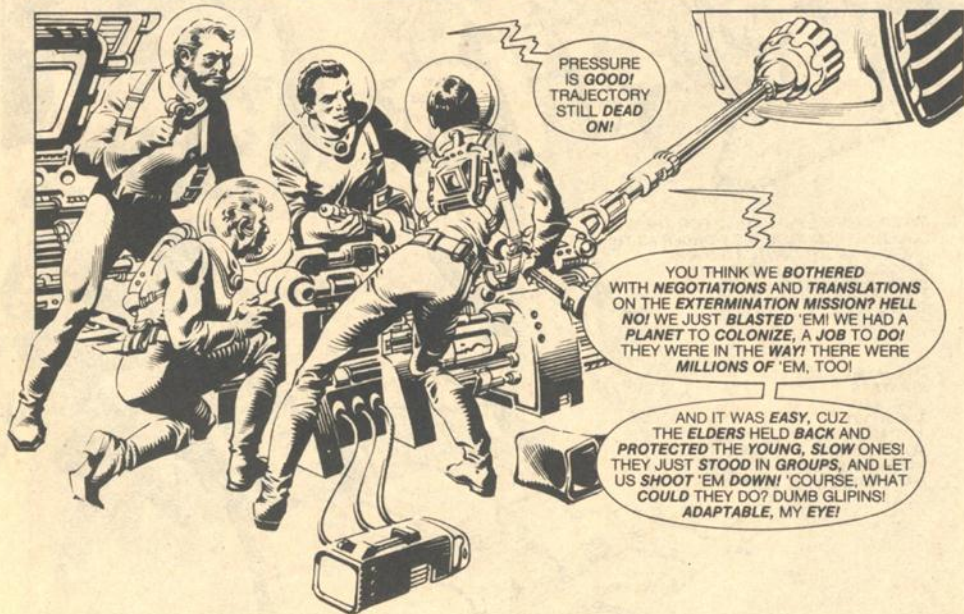


ALL RIGHT!
LET'S GET HER
CRANKING!

LOOK AT THAT
SMUG SUCKER UP THERE!
I'LL WIPE THE SMILE OFF
ITS ALIEN MUG!



PRESSURE
IS GOOD!
TRAJECTORY
STILL DEAD
ON!



YOU THINK YOU BOTHERED
WITH NEGOTIATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS
ON THE EXTERMINATION MISSION? HELL
NO! WE JUST 'BLASTED 'EM! WE HAD A
PLANET TO COLONIZE, A JOB TO DO!
THEY WERE IN THE WAY! THERE WERE
MILLIONS OF 'EM, TOO!

AND IT WAS EASY, CUZ
THE ELDERS HELD BACK AND
PROTECTED THE YOUNG, SLOW ONES!
THEY JUST STOOD IN GROUPS, AND LET
US SHOOT 'EM DOWN! 'COURSE, WHAT
COULD THEY DO? DUMB GLIPINS!
ADAPTABLE, MY EYE!



RYKER, DESPITE HIS **HATRED** FOR THE GLIPIN, COULD NOT **CONCEAL** HIS WONDER AS THE UNGAINLY ALIEN **CONTORTED** AND **WRIGGLED** AND **CLAWED** ITS WAY THROUGH THE GRILL-HATCH AND INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP!

THE SAME **BLASTERS** THAT HAD **WIPED OUT** ITS RACE HAD **NO EFFECT!** IT WAS...**QUITE ADAPTABLE!**



YOU WHAT? IT
WHAT? EGADS, MAN!

IT GOT
AWAY, SIR...
THROUGH A HATCH
WAY TOO SMALL
FOR IT! OUR
BLASTERS HAD
NO EFFECT!

ATTENTION
ALL HANDS! BATTLE
STATIONS! SECURITY
TO ENGINEERING!

THE FINEST
WEAPONRY IN THE
SYSTEM WAS
TROTTED OUT FOR
THE GLIMP
BLOOD-BOILERS,
ATOMIZERS, STINK-
TANKS... ENOUGH
FIREPOWER TO BLOW
A KING-SIZE HOLE IN
THE HULL!

HEY!
AIN'T
WE GONNA
WAIT FOR
RYKER?

WE'VE
DETECTED AN
ODD READING
IN C-LEVEL,
SIR!

RIGHTO!
RYKER, TROT
ON DOWN TO C-
LEVEL, AND TRY
NOT TO MUCK IT
UP THIS TIME.
WOT?

WHAT FOR?
JUST KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN!

SUDDENLY THE MIGHTY
FORE-CLAW OF THE
STEALTHY GLIPIN SWEEPED
DOWN IN AN ARC AND,
WITH ONE SWIPE,
GUTTED AN
UNFORTUNATE SECURITY
PATROLMAN!

THERE
IT IS! UP
THERE!

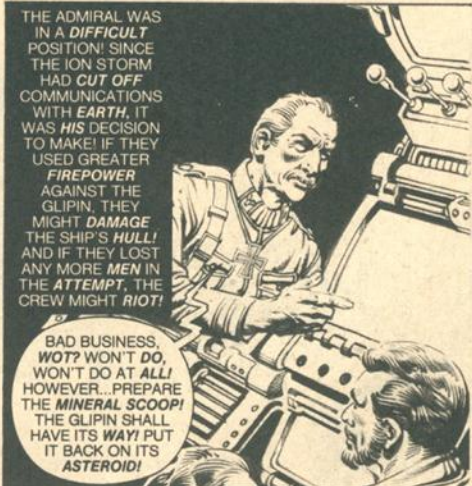
RRIPP!

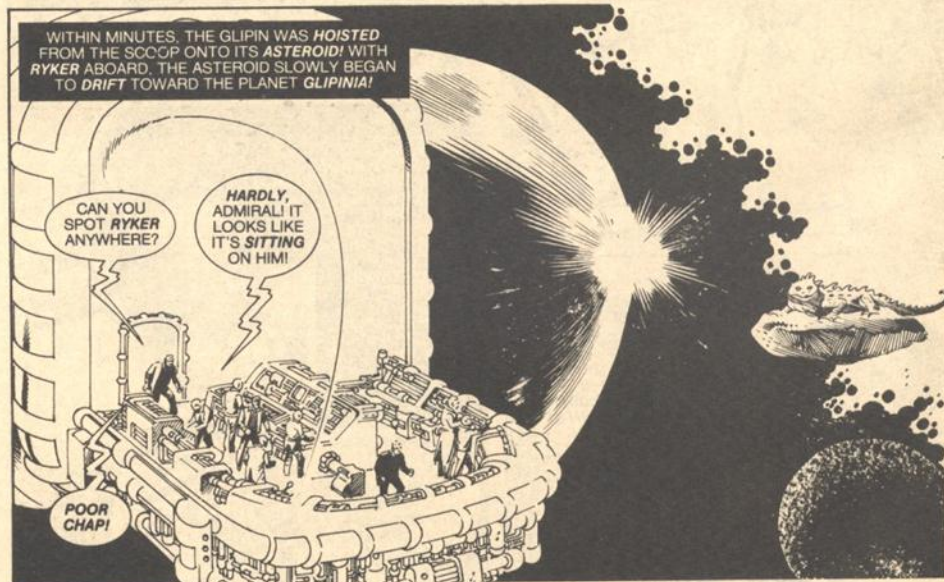
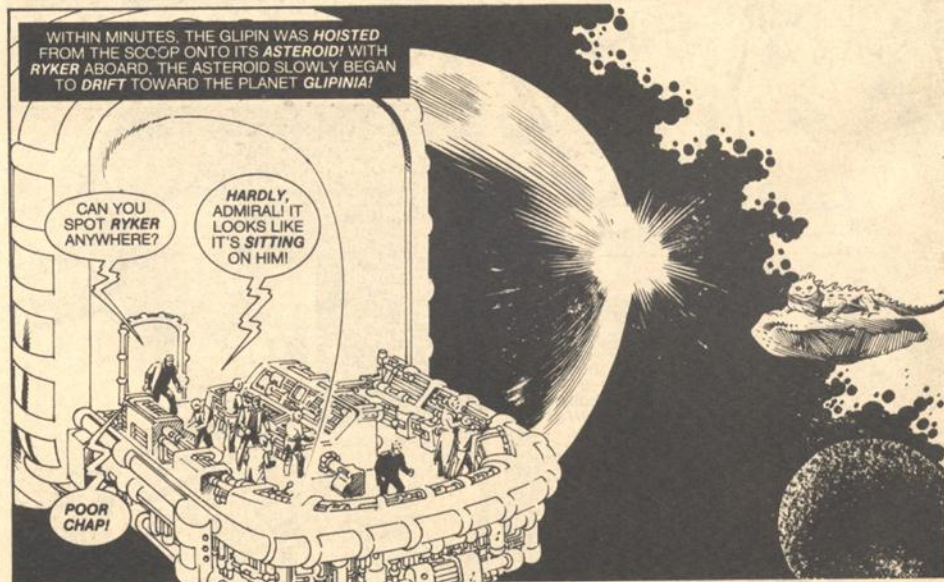
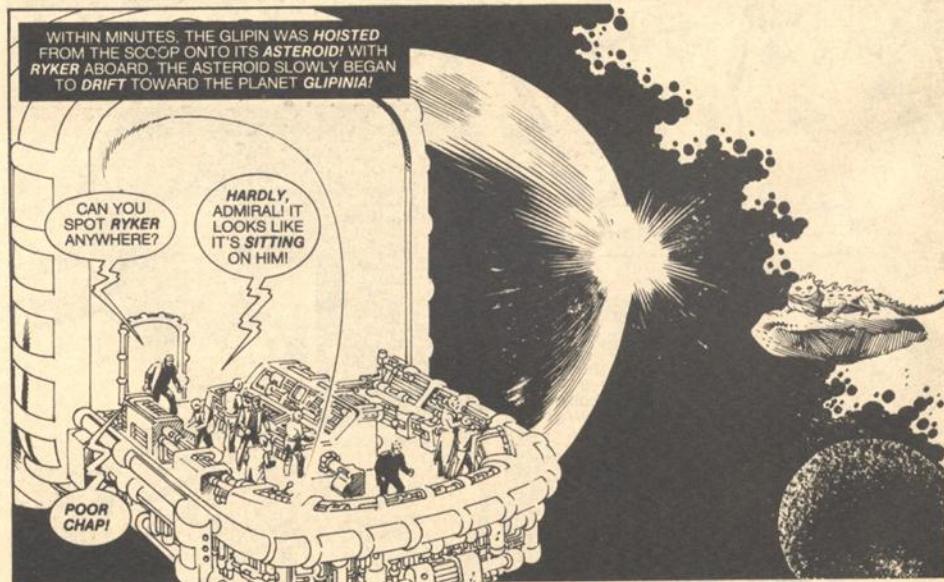
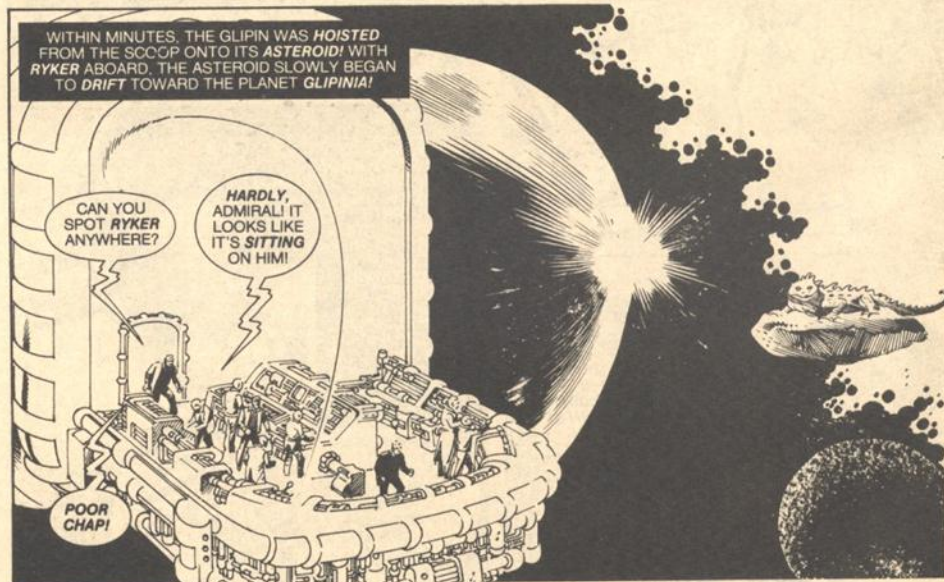
ALEE!



AS IF GUIDED BY A SECRET SENSE, THE GLIPIN
GRABBED THE EXTERMINATOR OF ITS RACE, AND
TOOK HIM UP TO ITS REFUGE IN THE RAFTERS!





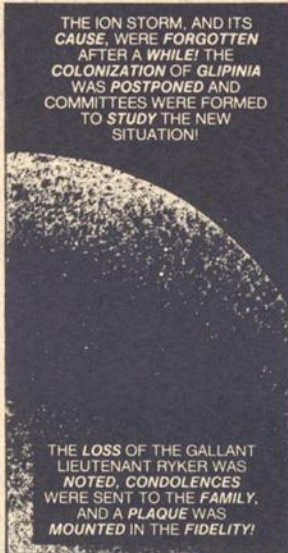




RYKER WAS *NEVER* SEEN AGAIN! THE ASTEROID AND ITS ODDLY MATCHED PASSENGERS *FLOATED* TO GLIPINIA AND WERE *LOST* IN ITS ATMOSPHERE!



IN ITS WAKE, THE ION STORM *BLINKED OUT* GRADUALLY, *SHIMMERED* TO NOTHING BUT A *TAIL*, A *SHADOW*...AND FINALLY *DIED!*



THE ION STORM, AND ITS *CAUSE*, WERE *FORGOTTEN* AFTER A WHILE! THE *COLONIZATION* OF GLIPINIA WAS *POSTPONED* AND COMMITTEES WERE FORMED TO *STUDY* THE NEW SITUATION!

THE *LOSS* OF THE GALLANT LIEUTENANT RYKER WAS *NOTED*, *CONDOLENCES* WERE SENT TO THE *FAMILY*, AND A *PLAQUE* WAS *MOUNTED* IN THE *FIDELITY!*

HIS FRIENDS *WONDERED*, THOUGH, WHAT *FATE* RYKER HAD *MET* AT THE *WHIM* OF THE ALIEN HE SO *HATED!* HAD RYKER BEEN *TORTURED*, *ENSLAVED*, *DEVoured*? HAD THE GLIPIN EVER DISCOVERED THE *ROLE* THAT RYKER HAD PLAYED IN THE *DEATH* OF ITS *CIVILIZATION*?



WHEN THE TIME COMES TO *COLONIZE* GLIPINIA, THESE FRIENDS WILL FIND SOME *CLUES!* THEY'LL DISCOVER THAT *LOVE* AND *HATE* ARE THE *SAME ENERGY* BUT AT *OPPOSITE ENDS* OF A *CIRCULAR SPECTRUM!* THEY'LL FIND THAT A *NEW CAMPAIGN* WILL HAVE TO BE WAGED AGAINST THOSE *UNCANNY, ADAPTABLE GLIPINS!*

end

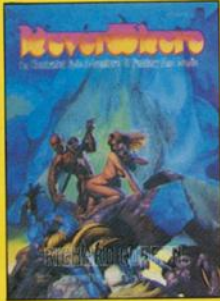
NEW FULL COLOR ART BOOKS!



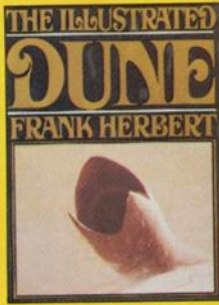
AMBERSTAR: Epic Adventure written and illustrated by Bruce Jones! A huge, full color 12"x9" softcover book! #21400/\$7.95



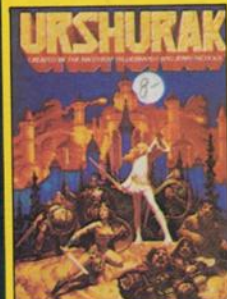
EMPIRE: Delany and Chaykin write and illustrate this galaxy spanning adventure in full color! #21347/\$9.95



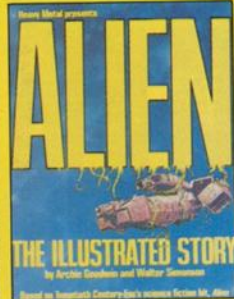
NEVER WHERE: Incredibly colorful Corben strikes in this full color, illustrated 9"x12" paperback! #21321/\$7.95



DUNE: Adventure on the incredible desert planet of Dune written by Frank Herbert, illustrated by John Schoenherr! #21346/\$7.95



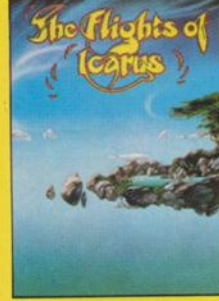
URSHURAK: Brilliant fantasy illustrated by the Hildebrandt Brothers in full color paintings and white drawings! #21405/\$8.95



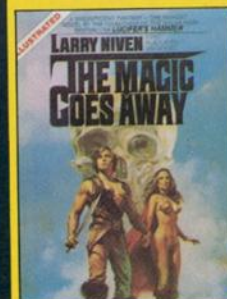
ALIEN: The illustrated story from the movie by Archie Goodwin and Walt Simonson in fabulous full color! #21377/\$3.95



BARLOWE'S GUIDE: The indispensable guide to extraterrestrials in full living color! An illustrated paperback! #21391/\$7.95



THE FLIGHTS OF ICARUS: Lavish 160-page fantasy art anthology packed with full color paintings and illustrations! #21433/\$12.50



THE MAGIC GOES AWAY: A science fantasy novel as only Larry Niven can do it! Art by Esteban Maroto! #21334/\$4.95



CORBEN'S ODD COMIC WORLD: Story after story in juicy black and white as only Corben can do it! Softcover! #21313/\$3.98



SPACE WARS: Galactic worlds are illustrated in full color on highest quality glossy stock! Foreword by Chris Foss. Hardcover! #21416/\$5.98



SENTINEL Syd Mead, designer has styled new space vehicles for the world of tomorrow. This book is a visual color feast of the future! #21440/\$14.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.